

Children

[Patty Larkin](#)

I remember walking with holes in our shoes
I remember we weren't the kind to make an excuse
I remember thinking we would break all the rules
Where are those children now? Where are those children now? I remember hellfire and brimstone be damned
I remember trembling at the touch of your hand
Crossing the desert to the California sand
Where are those children now? Where are those children now? I remember angels who lent us their wings
Cigarettes and paperback poetry kings
Kicking up dust like we didn't need a thing
Where are those children now? Where are those children now? Now the curtain calls and fails to fill me
I wander down the halls that used to thrill me

Songwriters

PATTY LARKIN Published by

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